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DOMESPUN STORIES

BY CLARA J. DENTON



Illustrated by
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS,
A JUST RIGHT BOOK

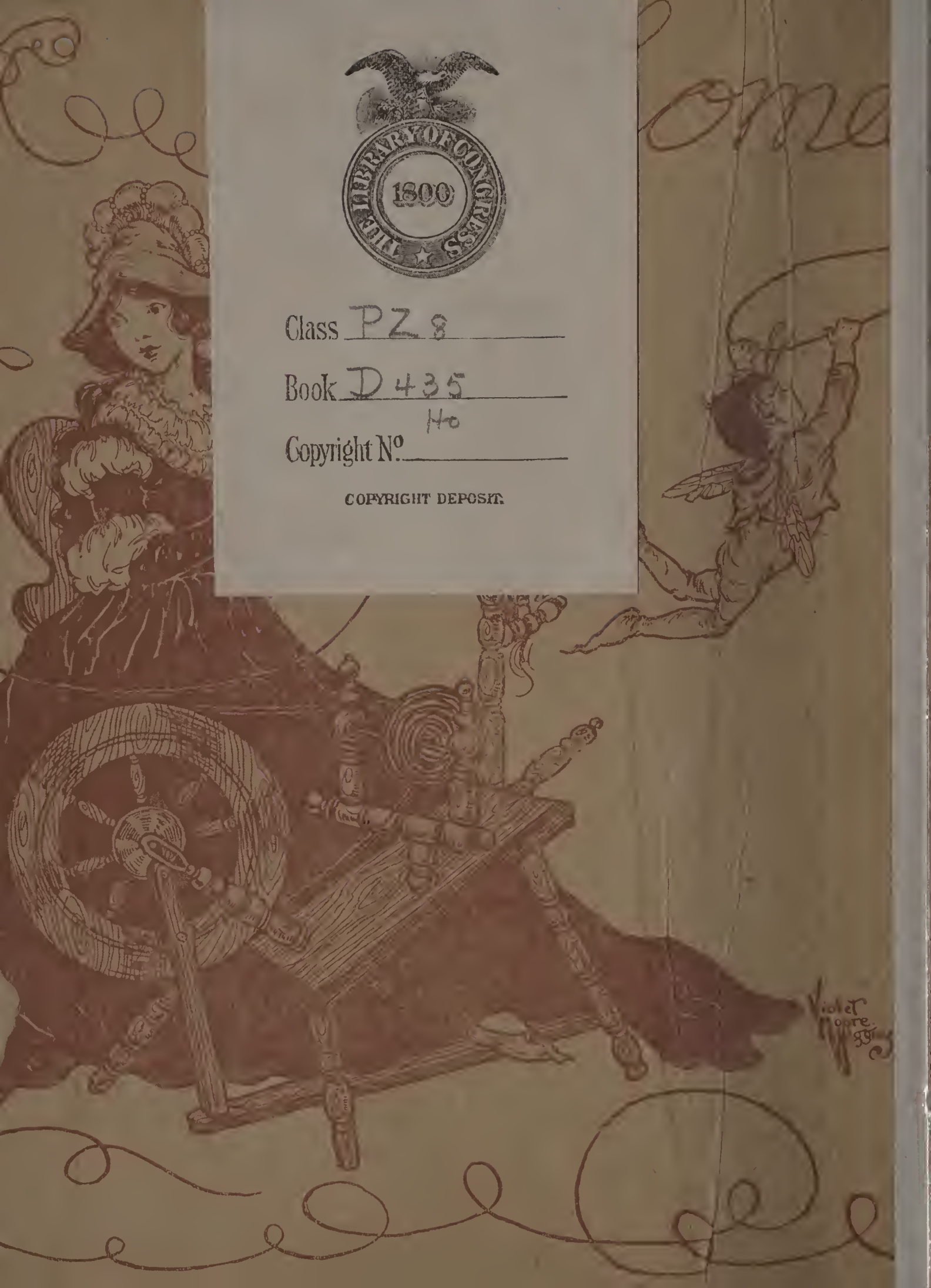


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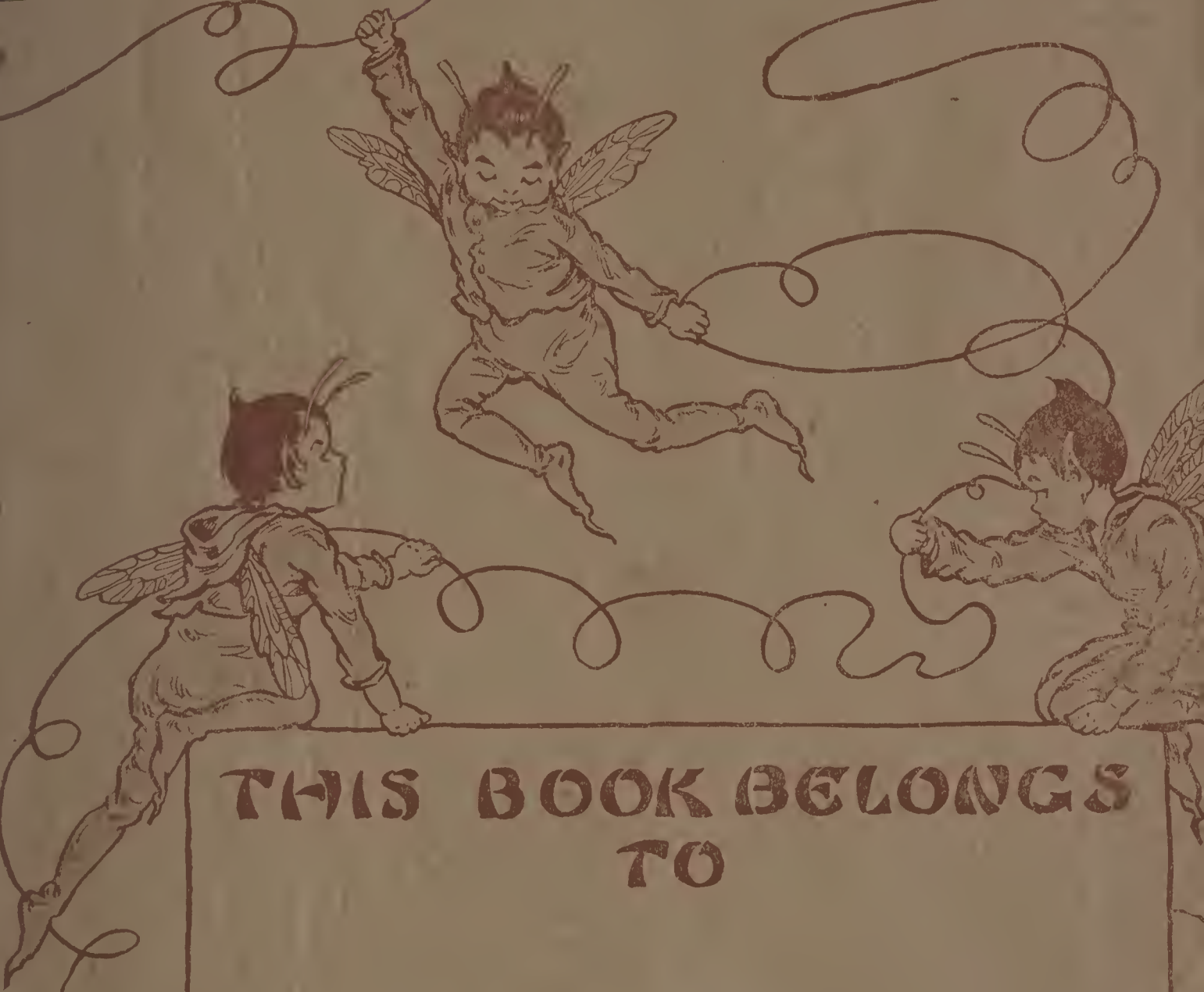
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Violet
Moore
1893

Fun Stories



**THIS BOOK BELONGS
TO**

Homespun Stories



*The Queen sent out a Herald
See story (The Enchanted Princess)*

*"The plainest face has beauty,
If the owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty
My boy and girl for you."*



"Wouldn't they let you be King any longer?"
From story (The Little Shiner)

HOMESPUN STORIES

*The Wonder Book of
Fanciful Tales*
by

CLARA J. DENTON

*Author of Open Air Stories, Real
Out of Door Stories, Real Bird Tales*



Illustrated by
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

*Albert Whitman and Company
Publishers
JUST RIGHT BOOKS
Chicago, U.S.A.*

HOMESPUN STORIES

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CLARA J. DENTON'S OTHER BOOKS

Cozy Corner Stories
Real Bird Tales
Busy Little Birds
Real Out-of-Door Stories
Open Air Stories

Publishers

ALBERT WHITMAN & CO.
Chicago
U. S. A.



Unless the Princess was kept out of the kitchen, he should leave "without warning".

From story (The Accidental Candy)

A JUST RIGHT BOOK
PUBLISHED IN THE U. S. A.

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She was once a dryad belonging to a beautiful tree

HOMESPUN STORIES



Every tree has within it a guardian spirit called a dryad

THE WANDERING DRYAD



IT IS a strange story, but it was told to me by the wood elves, and therefore I am not responsible for its truth.

Did I ever see the wood elves? No! I have not seen them, but I hear them every time I

go to the forest, and very strange indeed are the stories which they tell to me. Their voices are so low that unless you listen very closely you cannot even hear them, much less understand their talk.

So, the folks that are careless talkers who love nothing so well as the sound of their own voices, whether they really mean anything or not, have but a small chance of hearing any of the wonderful things which the wood elves have to tell.

There is the old Grecian story that every tree has within it a guardian spirit called a dryad. The lives of these dryads are bound up in the lives of their trees, and if anything happens to the tree whereby its life ends, its dryad also dies—they are inseparable. But, once upon

a time, so the wood elves whispered to me, a very strange thing had happened in the forest; a dryad had wandered off and left her tree. Such a thing had never been known before, and the whole forest was distressed about it.

Not only were all the dryads and the hamadryads, the naiads and the nymphs wailing over the lost dryad, but the wood elves, the fairies and the gnomes were grieving and wondering over the strange event.

The king of the forest was more troubled than anyone, because he said, "It has always been supposed that no dryad could escape from her tree, but now that one has gone away, it will not be long, I fear, before every dryad and hamadryad will be running off to see the world. The discontent may even spread to the

naiads and the nereids, the elves and the gnomes, and presently I shall be a king without any kingdom.”

In the midst of his sad musings one of the wood elves came running to him with the news that the tree which had been deserted by its dryad was dying. This story threw the poor king into a panic. Were the trees then to depend on the dryads for their lives? Everything seemed turning topsy turvy, and if all the dryads should take it into their heads to run away, and all the trees should die in consequence, what would become of the living things in the forest? More than that, what kind of a place would this old earth be without any trees to beautify and protect it?

As this dreadful thought took possession of the poor king's mind he jumped from his

throne and began running about his palace so wildly that his crown fell off and rolled out of sight under an acorn cup, where it was lost for as much as five minutes, before it was even missed by its owner. There was but one thought in the mind of the king; "Something must be done to save that dying tree, just for the sake of example if for nothing more."

When he had finally sent off two wood elves with a message to Mother Nature to come quickly and revive the dying tree, he missed his crown.

Then there was trouble, and by the time the pretty bauble was found and once more safely placed upon his head, the sceptre in his hand and himself back upon his throne in all his royal state, the wood elves came running in with a message from Mother Nature, saying

that she could do nothing with the tree, that “it must die unless the dryad could be restored to its old home therein.”

This message threw the king into a terrible rage. He was not one to believe that “nothing could be done.”

He always expected his folks to discover what was wrong before they gave up the remedy, unreasonable as it might be; in this he was not unlike some people that we know. So he sent the swift little wood elves with this message to Mother Nature: “This tree must be revived. Pour upon it your most refreshing showers, turn upon it the full glory of your finest sunshine, give it your coolest and softest breezes. There is no help to be got from the dryad, she neither can nor may come back; in the first place she is lost; no one knows where she is, besides, since

she has broken the ancient law of the forest, she should not be allowed to come back, even though she wished to do so. She must pay the penalty of her disobedience by wandering henceforth over the wide world without a home."

The wood elves had no sooner departed than a troop of Brownies came running to the king with this strange tale.

"May it please your majesty," began the spokesman, "as we were wandering over the world looking for some suffering creature whom we might help, we found a little one sitting upon a stone and weeping her life away. We soon learned her story, she was once a dryad belonging to a beautiful tree in a far-off forest, but she broke away from her tree and started out to see the world, thinking that she

could return when she wished, but she could not find the way back, and now she is lonely and sorrowful for her beautiful home. As we could not tell whence she came we thought it wise to come to your majesty with her story."

The king's brow darkened as he told the Brownies his decision about the dryad.

"But, your majesty," exclaimed the Brownie, "if you could have heard her sobbing and wailing for her lost home, you must have relented. Her cries sounded around the whole earth until the people said, 'Hark, how the wind is blowing!' Oh, your majesty, it was indeed very sad."

The king sat in silence; his was a tender heart, but there was the broken law! Suddenly an idea came over him so forcibly that he sprang to his feet and nearly upset his throne.

“My throne is shaking,” he said with a laugh, as he reached out his sceptre and straightened it again, “but no matter, it is not like a human throne, because if this one gives out, Mother Nature will grow another one for me in a single night.”

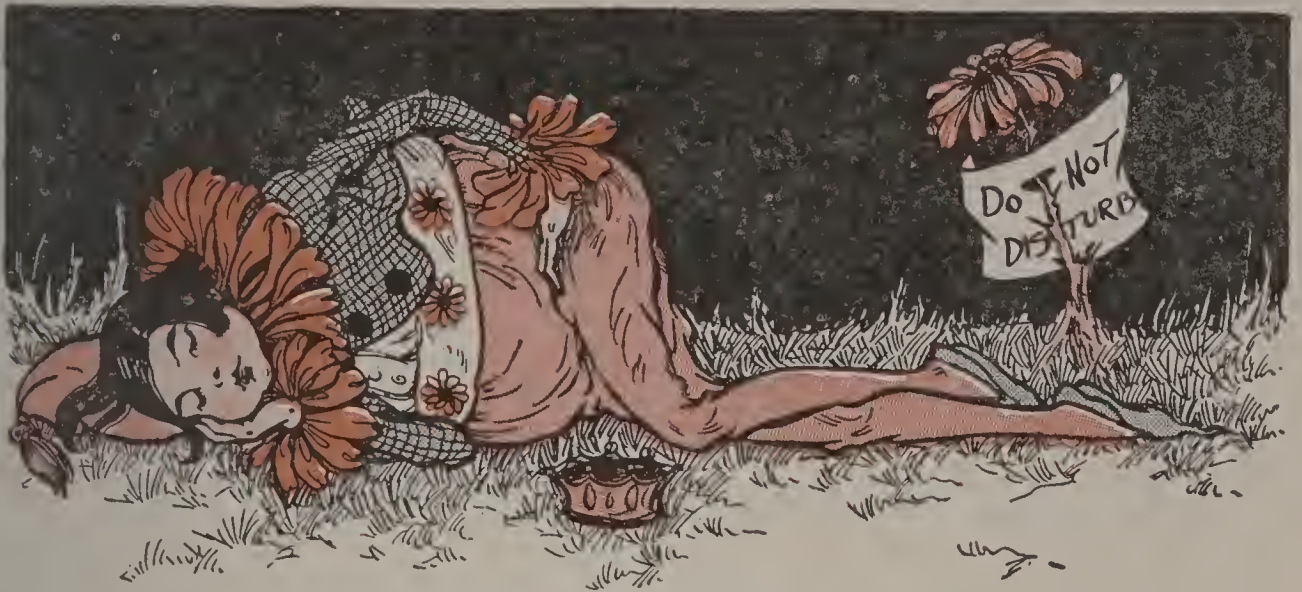
When he had settled himself firmly on his seat again he took from his bosom a tiny whistle and blew upon it a long silvery note. In a twinkling the king was surrounded by all the wood-people — fairies, elves, gnomes, brownies, pixies and sprites of all kinds, of which you and I do not even know the names— all standing at attention and waiting to know the king’s commands.

He told them in exact words the story of the dryad and the broken law, of her sorrow and repentance, of her wish to return to the

tree and of its sad, dying state. In closing he said:

“You know how closely we wood people obey laws and how severely we punish those who break them, so, while I am sorry for the dryad, I could think of but one way in which I could let her escape further punishment, and this is what you are to do to help the poor dryad; you are to look for a child, who for a month, a whole month, mind you, obeys every command given to it, when you have found it, bring me the child’s name. When this is done, but not before, I will send the Brownies to escort the dryad back to her tree.”

Then the meeting broke up; the sprites scattered, the king left his throne, took off his crown, for after all that serious thinking his head ached, and stretching himself on a bed of



"The king is still sleeping"

moss, he said to his attendants, "I must have a long nap, let no one disturb me until the messengers return with the name of that child, and in another moment he was sound asleep.

"But," said the wood elves in concluding this story, "we are sorry to tell you that the king is still sleeping."

However, that was a long while ago, and I feel sure that the king must have been awakened by this time. What do you think about it?

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS



THERE was once upon a time a queen named Agnes who was very unhappy because her son was about to marry a beautiful but ill-tempered princess.

“He cannot be happy with her, I know he cannot,” she would moan to herself in the still hours of the night as she lay awake, brooding over the future.

But one night, after several hours of anxious tossing she fell asleep and a dream so beautiful came to her that when she awoke in the morning a happy smile was on her lips.

She lay quietly thinking for a few minutes and then she said to herself softly; “I’ll try it.”

She crept out of bed and seated herself on the floor.

This was not an easy task, for the swiftly flying years had made her quite stout and not so limber in her joints, but she didn't mean to be overcome by such trifles.

As soon as she was comfortably seated she closed her eyes and said aloud, but very softly;

“Fairy, Fairy Lovelight, with the wand of gold,

Come and do my bidding ere the day grows old.”

Then she waited, and in a few moments she heard a soft rustling behind her.

She turned her head and saw in a large chair near by a dimpled, chubby little woman wrapped in a long gray cloak and looking at her with kindly eyes.

“So you obeyed my dream children.” Said the little woman.

“Yes,” answered the queen, “of course I did, there was nothing else to do.”

“Umph!” said the little woman crossly; and then she began to grow smaller and smaller, until the queen, fearing she would disappear entirely, threw her arms out toward her and begged;

“Oh, don’t go yet.”

“I am not going,” said the fairy, “I am only growing smaller because I am offended.”

“Oh,” said the queen ready to cry, “I understand and indeed, I don’t wonder that you are offended. It was certainly neither kind nor polite to say what I did, but I am sure you will forgive me when you know how desperate my situation is.”

“I know all about it,” said the little woman, who, being pleased by the queen’s apology, was now rapidly regaining her natural size.

“If I hadn’t known all about it I shouldn’t have taken the trouble to send my dream-sprites to you. I am the fairy Lovelight for whom you were calling. I have always looked after the Oldern family, and now that this trouble for your son, Theobald, was so near at hand, it seemed best for me to interfere.

“Before we go any further, suppose you get up and sit in a chair. I am sure you will be more comfortable, and as I only ordered you to sit on the floor to test your obedience, it is quite useless for you to remain there any longer.”

Although it had been hard for the queen to

sit down on the floor, it was much harder for her to rise from it. She made two or three vain efforts, and finally, as a last resort, caught at the large chair in which the fairy sat, and by its help, after much tugging and groaning managed to stand upright.

She had been so absorbed in her struggles that she had not noticed her visitor, but now, as she turned her eyes that way, she saw, to her great surprise, that the small figure had grown so large that it nearly reached to the ceiling.

At this unexpected transformation the queen stood gazing with wondering eyes at the still rapidly growing form.

Presently her wits returned to her and she turned to flee from the room.

Then the fairy called out, in her soft, silvery voice,

“Come back, come back! you have nothing to fear.”

Slowly the queen returned, keeping her eyes closely on the fairy, however, who now began to dwindle away very fast.

“You are weak-hearted, indeed,” she said, “to run from a little thing like that, I was only laughing.”

“Laughing!” exclaimed the queen, in great amazement.

“Yes, you have seen that when I am offended I grow smaller; by the same rule I grow larger when I am pleased or amused. That is my way of both smiling and laughing.”

“Oh,” said the queen, “then I suppose one can tell, by the rate at which you expand, the amount of pleasure you feel?”

“Exactly,” said the fairy, “you really catch the idea very clearly.”

“Then you must have been greatly pleased just now, though I cannot imagine what you found to laugh at.”

“If you could have seen yourself getting up from the floor,” said the fairy, beginning to expand again.

“Oh well, never mind, never mind,” said the queen, much annoyed, and secretly thinking the fairy a very rude person; “we will let that pass. I dare say I was a funny sight, but I’m sure you did not come here simply to see me show my awkwardness. I am certain you can and will help my poor child, Theobald.”

“I will try,” said the fairy, who had, by this time, returned to her natural size, “but it is not

an easy thing to do. The Princess Catherine, whom your son wishes to marry, is enchanted by a wicked fairy. I don't know what would become of the poor mortals if it were not for the law of fairyland that for every evil enchantment placed upon them there exists a counter one that makes it powerless if the person happens to discover it. But if it should be revealed to him or her by anyone, it loses its power. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes," said the queen, "you mean that if you should go to the princess and tell her what to do, she could not be helped by obeying you."

"Yes," said the fairy, "that is it; we must manage matters in some way so that the princess will not only want to do the thing that will

help her, but will carry it out fully, without any advice or command from anyone; and, of course, it remains with you to arouse this desire.”

“Oh, I will do anything, anything,” promised the queen quickly.

“There is another difficulty,” continued the fairy, “if the enchantment is not broken before the close of her twentieth birthday, there is no power that can effect it until her thirtieth birthday.”

“Oh,” sobbed the queen, “and her birthday is so near!”

“Fortunately,” continued the fairy hopefully, “the charm requires but one day in which to work. Now listen, for my time is almost up, and I cannot repeat the directions. This is the

charm that will save the princess; From the time that she is dressed in the morning, until she is undressed at night, she must not spend one idle moment.

It is of no consequence what her work may be, but she must keep at it continually, pausing only for her meals. If she can do this for one whole day between now and the close of her twentieth birthday, her evil temper will be gone, and she will be the most charming princess in the round world. Her character will be as beautiful as her face.”

“It sounds very simple,” said the queen with a sob, “but I fear it can never be done. You know, of course, that the princess is as idle as though she were dead. She never did a single useful thing in her life.”

“I know it, and if she spent some of her energy in work, she wouldn’t have so much to waste in temper. But now my time is up, and you must manage as best you can.”

There was a soft, whizzing sound, a tiny speck of light that went out in a second, and the queen was once more alone.

Then she set her wits to work. She thought and thought, planned and studied, and by and by she had an inspiration.

The next day the court ladies were all summoned to the queen’s presence and she made them this little speech;

“I have invented a new kind of quilt which will be useful to poor people, and I want to begin one right away, so that they may become the fashion before the winter sets in, but I must

have your help. Therefore, I ask you to bring me, tomorrow, as great a variety as possible of small pieces of silk and satin. The one who brings the largest and best collection shall have a ball given in her honor as soon as the quilt is finished.”

The queen’s next move was to invite the princess to be present on the following day to help her decide on the claims of the various collections.

By this means the princess was present when the queen commenced what she called a “crazy quilt,” which had never been heard of before in that land.

As the good queen had hoped, the princess Catherine became infatuated with the beautiful “crazy quilt” and declared her intention to make one “some day.”

Then the wise queen told her that if she would work with her she might have the beautiful and novel quilt for her own when it was finished.

It took the princess nearly a whole day to make up her mind, but as every lady at court had begun one of the new-fashioned quilts, she finally decided to start one. She arose one morning so full of thoughts about the silk "crazy quilt" that she could hardly wait to begin it.

The good queen kept close beside her all day, bringing out new shades and suggesting new combinations, fearing every moment that the natural indolence of the princess would assert itself and thus destroy all her hopes.

But the princess worked on and on, scarcely stopping to eat until the clock struck



But the princess worked on and on—

the midnight hour. Then the good queen went to bed with a quiet mind.

When the quilt was finished the queen sent a herald to proclaim through the land that there should be a week of feasting and rejoicing.

Great merrymaking followed. Everybody was given a holiday; even the poorest wood-cutter in the land took part in the general joy.

Many people wondered why there should be so great a celebration over the introduction of a new-fashioned quilt, even though it were useful to people who wanted to use up bits and scraps of silk.

But queen Agnes kept her own counsel, and no one knew all that the quilt meant to her; for the enchantment was broken, and Catherine ever afterward was both sweet-tempered and industrious.



“THE WUZZLE.”



“CAN you straighten out this wuzzle for me, Millie,” asked grandmother.

“I don’t know what that is,” said Millie.

Her grandmother had lately come to live at Millie’s home, and this was a new word to the little girl.

“Well, that’s a wuzzle,” said grandmother laughing, as she laid in Millie’s hand a soft

little bunch of tangled sewing silk and thread.

“Oh yes, I like to do that,” said Millie, and taking some ivory silk-winders, she went out to her hammock.

As she picked away at the ends of the silk, she thought,

“How funny grandmother is, I wonder why she didn’t call this a snarl, or a tangle.” Then she kept saying the funny word over and over to herself, and finally she began to sing softly to words of her own choosing, which was one of her favorite pastimes;

“I wonder what a wuzzle is,
A wuzzle, wuzzle, wuzzle,
Just a puzzle, puzzle, puzzle,
That is what a wuzzle is.”

She picked away patiently at the tangle,

pulling out now and then a long thread which she wound up neatly on an ivory silk winder. It was very quiet work, the hammock swayed gently. A cicada in a tree near by, chirped monotonously, and Millie pretty soon found herself growing sleepy. But she drew herself up, of course she wasn't going to sleep in broad daylight; and she tugged away, still harder, at the tight central knot of the wuzzle.

But suddenly her hands were empty and she looked around anxiously for the wuzzle.

In a moment she saw something on the edge of the hammock directly in front of her that was like, yet very unlike, the wuzzle.

It had arms and legs that were thin and thread-like. Its body was clad in a variegated jacket exactly like the many colored threads in

the tangle. The whole was surmounted by a little round head covered with long hair that stood out in a very disorderly manner, and almost hid a pair of bright black eyes that looked mischievously at Millie.

“O my,” said the little girl in a frightened whisper.

“But I’m not yours,” said a fine soft voice.

“Whose are you then—and who are you too?” asked the astonished Millie.

“Why, don’t you remember, I’m the Wuz-zle, I made a pretty good jump didn’t I?” and the funny little thing threw its arms and legs about in great delight.

“But you had no right to jump away from me like that, and I’m sure grandmother wouldn’t like it,” said Millie severely.



"Why, don't you remember, I'm the Wuzzle"

“Your grandmother, O, your grandmother,” said the Wuzzle, laughing so hard that it nearly lost its balance, “much I care for her.”

“But you belong to her,” said Millie indignantly.

“Well, I’m sorry to contradict you, my dear, but you’re entirely wrong on that point.”

“Then to whom do you belong?” asked Millie in much surprise.

“To a princess,” said the Wuzzle.

“Really?” exclaimed the delighted Millie, “where is she?”

“That’s just what I’d like to know,” and Millie was sure there were tears in the bright, black eyes.

“Do tell me about the princess,” begged Millie.

“I’ll be glad to,” said the Wuzzle, “for I don’t often have a chance to talk about those happy times.”

“But how do you know she was a princess?”

“The darning-needle told me.”

“O, how lovely!” exclaimed Millie, “and now tell me exactly how she looked.”

“She had long, golden hair and blue eyes, with the sweetest face that was always smiling. She was very good indeed to us, she let us do just as we pleased and also gave us a beautiful house to live in.”

“Us?” interrupted Millie, “were there others there besides yourself?”

“Yes indeed,” replied the Wuzzle with a long sigh, “a great many, and a very select

company we were too, Oh! but those were delightful times," and the Wuzzle paused, lost in its thoughts of the past.

"But tell me the names of your friends," said Millie, a little impatiently.

"Ah, yes," said the Wuzzle, "pardon me, I forgot myself for the moment. Well, there was Miss Thimble, a high-bred lady, Miss Emery, Madame Pincushion, Mr. and Mrs. Scissors and a very numerous family called the Silks, of whom there were so many that I cannot remember all their names. The Threads and Yarns were also a large family, their manners were not quite so good as the Silks, but they were very worthy people.

"Then there was Mr. Beeswax, he was a great favorite among us, for he kept everything so smooth. I don't believe we could have lived



"A very select company we were"

in the same house with Miss Emery if it had not been for his gentle manners. Another gentleman who was very necessary in our community, although we all feared him a little, was Mr. Tape-line. He kept us all straight, and there is no telling what strange things we might have done had it not been for him.

“Then there was Mr. Stiletto, he was an extremely handsome fellow and quite a favorite, although he had a way of, now and then, saying things that were rather sharp. He was an admirer of the Thread family and they were quite often visiting together. Miss Glovemender, tried very hard to attract his attention, but he had no time for her. Dear me! what very fine times we did have, and no one knows how I long to see my companions again. We were never called upon to work, and as our house

stood in a prominent place, and as it was nearly always left open, that is with the roof turned back, we had a fine chance to see and hear many things in the great world.

“Mrs. Scissors, who was there, was a very sharp old lady, declares that the reason the door to our house was always lifted up was because there was a mirror in it. Do you happen to know what a mirror is?”

“Well, I should think so,” said Millie, a little indignantly.

“Then you will understand what Mrs. Scissors meant, she was very hard to deceive. Sometimes one of the members of the Yarn family would amuse us with a story, but if she told the least thing that was not strictly true, my! how quickly Mrs. Scissors would know it, and she'd cut it all to pieces.

“I must admit that she was right about the mirror, for our mistress, the princess, never came that way without stopping to look in it, but one could hardly blame her, for she certainly made a very beautiful picture,” and closing its tale, with a long sigh, the Wuzzle remained silent for several minutes, evidently dreaming of the charming princess.

“But,” said Millie, when she thought she had borne the silence long enough, “if you were so happy there, why did you come away?”

“I am certain I don’t know,” said the Wuzzle with another sigh, but one day when we were all having a merry time watching Miss Darning-needle and Mr. Bodkin dance the polka—the canary bird furnished the music—we were suddenly thrown out of our beautiful house, and we all struck the table in a heap together.

Mrs. Scissors, who happened to land on the top of the pile, said it was the princess herself who carried our house off, and that she probably wanted it to put chocolates in, but I never could believe that story. I think it was just some of Mrs. Scissors' merry gossip. But by and by my friends began to be picked up and carried away. One by one I saw my beloved companions depart until I was left entirely alone. It was then that I learned to love the princess so dearly, for having nothing else to do I passed my time in watching her whenever she was in the room.

“But one unlucky day for me, when she was not near, someone picked me up and carried me off, and here I am.”

“Yes,” said Millie sadly, “and that isn't the worst of it either.”

“Well, I don’t see how anything that is worse can happen to me, now that I have got away from you. Of course if I had stayed with you much longer there wouldn’t have been anything left of me. My! it makes me shiver when I remember how near you came to pulling me to pieces.”

“But,” said Millie very gently, “I shall have to do it after all, for grandmother told me to, and I must obey her, though you can’t imagine how I do dread to do it.”

“O,” said the Wuzzle, winking very hard at Millie, “I think you’ll have to catch me first.”

“That is easy enough,” said Millie, making a swift dash at the Wuzzle, but instead of closing her hand upon it, she rolled out of the hammock and came down upon the grass with a thump.

She jumped up quickly and looked around for the Wuzzle, but it was not to be seen. She went into the house with a very long face.

“Grandmother,” she said, “do you think it can find its way back to the princess?”

Grandmother took off her spectacles and looked at Millie.

“So you have been dreaming about a princess, I saw you were having a nice nap. But where is my silk?”

“It’s gone, grandma, I looked all around in the hammock and everywhere, but I couldn’t find it,” and she sobbed a little.

“O, never mind, my pet,” said grandmother consolingly, “you needn’t care, it wasn’t of much consequence anyway.”

“But—but it was a Wuzzle,” said Millie between her sobs.

Grandmother laughed a little, but added quickly;

“Well, the world is full of Wuzzles, dear, you will probably see many more before you die, though you may not give them exactly that name.”

“But where did you get this one, grandmother?”

“What a queer child you are, I didn’t get it, it made itself from the loose ends of my spools.”

Millie was silent a moment then she said;

“Grandmother has my cousin Rose, where you’ve been living, long golden curls and blue eyes?”

“Why, of course she has, you cannot have forgotten how she looks? She’s a very pretty

girl, but a very useless one also, as I have told you before. I am glad you do not live near her."

"I do wish I could find that Wuzzle," said Millie mournfully, as she turned to go out of doors.

This wish, however, was never granted, but if Millie had understood bird language, she would have found out what had become of the Wuzzle.



*Miss
Darning
Needle*

*and Mr
Bodkin
dance
The Polka*

THE MARBLE SPOUT.



LONG, long, ago, in a far-away land called Mabiseau, a good man named Kyndehart was made king. When he was a very little boy he said to himself that if he ever became king he would help the beggars that always hung about the palace gates.

So, the day after he was crowned, and while the people were still making merry over the great event, a company of workmen came to the palace wall, and began making a hole near the main gate.

To all the questions asked by the curious beggars and passers-by they only answered, "The king has ordered it."



Soon the "H" appeared beside it

When night came and the men went home, there was a large smooth hole in the palace wall, and the people wondered more and more.

The next morning another set of workmen appeared. They brought with them a large marble spout, which they fastened into the hole with strong white cement.

Then these men also went away, and soon after another man came alone. He carried a

sharp instrument and a mallet, and, after much measuring around the spout, he began to cut into the wall just above it. Then, after a while, the wondering people saw that he had cut the letter "W" in the wall; soon the letter "h" appeared beside it, and by and by the word "When" stood plainly carved on the wall. Then the man went home and left the people more curious than ever as they repeated that one word, "When," to one another.

Then next day the same things happened. The man worked faithfully, the crowd watched patiently, letter by letter, and word by word. By and by these were the words that stared from the wall;

"When the palace clock strikes twelve."

Then the people looked at each other and their eyes said, "What will happen then?"

“Then we shall all be killed,” whispered someone hoarsely, “it is the new king.”

The whisper ran through the crowd, and the people were so frightened they forgot to watch the next letter—an “m”—that was forming under the man’s sharp tool.

“Look at the clock,” called someone in a loud voice; for this palace clock, like many others in large towns, struck the noon hour only.

Every pair of eyes turned to the great dial, and in another instant every pair of heels was flying away from the palace wall, for the hands of the clock pointed to half-past eleven, and if they were to be killed at twelve, they had but half an hour left to save their necks.

The man, glad to be alone, worked on steadily, and when, near the close of the day,

he took off his dust-covered apron, these were the words that ran around the marble spout; "When the palace clock strikes twelve, milk will flow from this spout for all the poor people who will come after it. By order of King Kyndehart."

Just as the early dawn was lighting the beautiful hills of Mabiseau, one young beggar, bolder than the rest, came within sight of the palace. He saw no soldiers waiting to kill him and his companions, so he kept on approaching the palace walls, growing bolder with every step. At last he stood near enough to the marble spout to make out the sentence above it. He jumped up and down and hugged himself for joy. He read the words over and over until he knew them by heart, then away he

went to rouse his companions from their troubled slumbers.

Long before the noon hour the beggars gathered around the marble spout in so great a throng that the king, who watched them from the palace windows, groaned as he saw them. Every man, woman and child carried a jug or pitcher, and some carried two. When the king saw the poor wretches going away with the full pitchers, he smiled with pleasure; but, alas! his smiles were short-lived, for, when the flow of milk ceased there was still a large company of beggars standing about, whose pitchers were all empty.

Then he called for his Lord High Chamberlain and ordered that more cows be milked. "But, your majesty," was the reply, "every cow in the stables has been milked dry."

“Then,” exclaimed the king in great anger, “go and buy more cows, for these poor wretches must have milk.”

The next day the milk flowed on as if it would never cease, and the king thought;

“Surely there will be no empty pitchers now.”

But, alas! when the last drop had run out of the marble spout, there were still many empty pitchers.

Then the king’s order of the previous day was repeated, and again the milk flowed longer than before; but it was still the same old story—always many hapless beggars standing about with empty pitchers.

As the number of cows grew larger and the quantity of milk greater, the crowds of

beggars seemed to increase also, until it seemed as if the whole land of Mabiseau was clamoring for milk before that marble spout.

Outside the palace gates the people complained because there was not milk enough; inside they complained, because there was no time for anything but milking and feeding cows.

One day the Lord High Chamberlain came to the king with a very grave face and said,

“Your majesty, your milk law must be repealed, for there is not another cow to be bought in all the land of Mabiseau.”

“Have you forgotten,” said the king, “that a law once made in Mabiseau stands forever? We must have more cows, see that the ships are manned and prepared for sea. I, myself

will sail to other countries and return with so many cows that every inhabitant of Mabiseau shall have all the milk he or she wants.”

In a few days the fleet sailed away with drums beating and banners flying, while the beggars on shore—for they had been told of the king’s mission—cheered themselves hoarse and waved their ragged hats and bonnets until the vessels were out of sight.

Days dragged into weeks and weeks into months, but the king did not return. The milk still flowed from the spout, and the crowds wrangled and fought over it, sometimes hurting each other in their struggles to be first at the spout.

Murmurings grew louder and louder through the land and the Lord High Chamberlain was half crazed with fear and anxiety.



A wonderful idea came to the Lord High Chamberlain

One day as he sat lost in thought over the terrible state of affairs, a wonderful idea came to him.

“I’ll do it,” he said, jumping up and walking about his room in great joy.

As soon as it was dark, he wrapped himself in a long cloak, put a mask on his face, and taking a stout stick in his hand, walked away toward the city. Just before midnight he returned, and with him was a bent old man carrying a small tool-box. All that night and the next day until dark the little old man was hidden in the palace. No one saw him, or knew that he was there, except the Lord High Chamberlain.

The next day the palace clock began to strike as usual in its slow measured way, and the people counted the strokes aloud as had become

their custom. When the twelfth peal sounded, the crowd surged forward, for that was the signal for the milk to flow. But lo! there came another clang of the bell, and the clock had struck thirteen, and there was no milk pouring its white sweetness out of the marble spout. Then a great cry arose from the people, but the Lord High Chamberlain quickly mounted the top of the wall and spoke to them thus;

“You know, my friends, the people of Mabiseau always obey the laws even to the last letter. As soon as the clock strikes twelve again, you will find the milk coming out of the spout as usual; but meanwhile, go to your homes and wait quietly until it is time for the clock to strike again.”

So the people obeyed and went home quietly, but returned the following day and

waited before the marble spout. This they did many days, but the clock still continued striking thirteen, and the king was still unheard from.

Then the Lord High Chamberlain, watching always from his palace windows, saw with joy that the crowd of beggars daily grew smaller.

He sent trusty messengers to inquire into the matter and learned that the beggars had found work and therefore no longer needed the gift of milk. So the cows were taken from the stables and driven away, a few at a time, into the country and given to poor men with families. At last there were only two blind, old beggars left at the gate, and these the Lord High Chamberlain sent into the country to be cared for as long as they lived.

But one day, amid the sweet peace and contentment which now reigned throughout Mabi-seau, a messenger came running to the Lord High Chamberlain, saying,

“The king and his fleet are sailing into the bay.” The poor man’s heart was full of misgivings. “Now,” he said, “all my work will be undone.” Nevertheless, he put on his robes of state and, accompanied by the whole court, went forth in great pomp to meet the king.

When they approached the shore, the Lord High Chamberlain nearly wept with fear for he expected the air would be rent with the bellying of cows and the bleating of calves. But he heard instead the beating of drums and the blaring of trumpets. When at last the king’s ship touched the pier and he walked down the plank the Lord High Chamberlain



In one hand an ax, in the other a saw and hammer

saw that he carried in one hand an ax, in the other a saw and a hammer.

When the king had embraced the Lord High Chamberlain he turned to his court and said,

“I have learned much since I left you. I have been to a country where no man is given

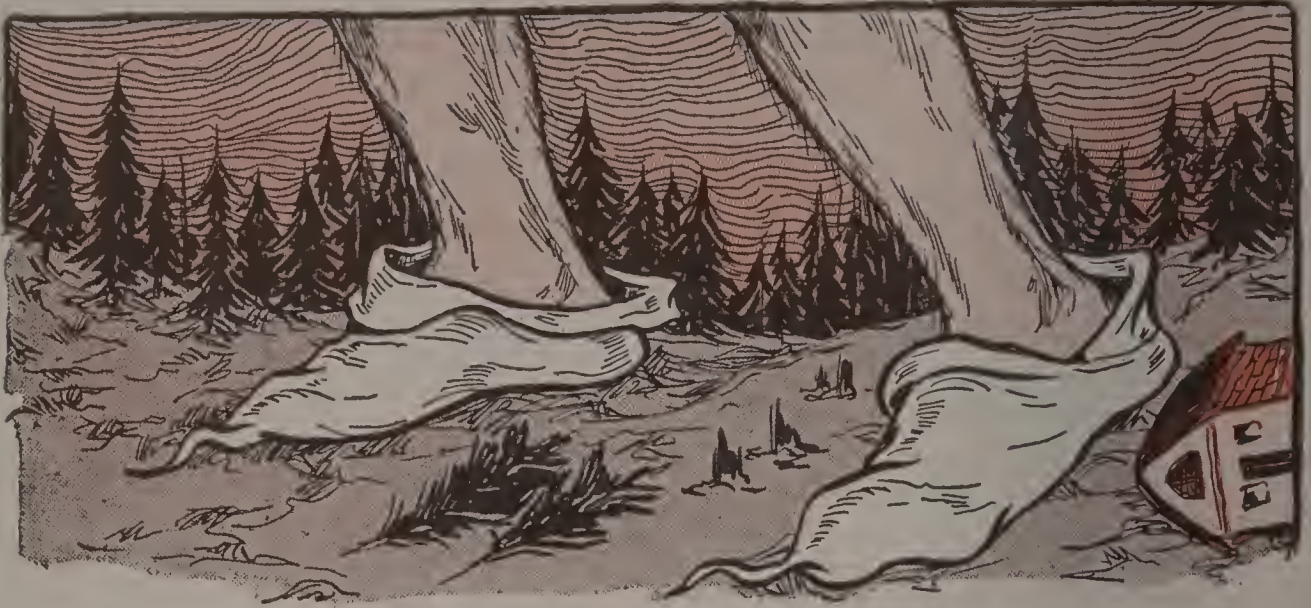
anything unless he is sick, or aged, where every man must work for what he has. My ships are loaded with saws, hammers and axes, which I will sell to my people, and I have brought men with me who will teach them how to use them."

When the Lord High Chamberlain and the king were alone in the king's private rooms, the Lord High Chamberlain told him the story of the clock.

The king looked at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah," he said, "thine is a wise head! and thirteen is a lucky number for the people of this land."

But did they leave the marble spout there always? and did the clock go on striking thirteen forever? you ask. Well, "maybe so."



The Giant knocked over houses

THE GOLDEN LOCKS



A GREAT many years ago, long before even your great-grandparents were born, there was situated in one of the most beautiful corners of the earth a country called Heartland.

It had once been governed by a wise and good fairy king, and he had placed a strange enchantment upon the people.



Golden hair that was wonderful in its brightness

By this enchantment every person cast a shadow, not according to his, or her, size, but in proportion to the amount of selfishness in his or her heart.

So, if anyone could have been found whose heart was absolutely unselfish, that person would have been entirely without a shadow.

This, therefore, was the great aim of everyone in Heartland—to become so full of love for others that they would be known by all the world as “the person without a shadow.”

But, as you will see, this very aspiration savored of selfishness and so stood in the way of its own accomplishment.

Thus, no one ever quite reached the desired point, for the people of Heartland were just like the people of today, who find it im-

possible to say of any action, "There is no self here."

There was one maiden, however, whose shadow was merely a rim of white light, for she had come very near to absolute self-forgetfulness.

This maiden, whose name was Stella, was very beautiful, and she was also crowned by golden hair that was wonderful in its brightness and abundance.

When she let it fall about her in its shining waves, it made the darkness radiant, for the light from it was like the light of a thousand blazing lamps.

Stella was proud of her hair, far too proud, she well knew, and she tried with all her might to forget its beauty, but she could not.

Sometimes, when she combed it, she would

sit for hours, gazing at its wondrous shining, thus forgetting the other and more important duties.

Then, a chance glance over her shoulder would show her that her shadow had grown larger and darker, and she would quickly put up her hair, while sorrow would take the place of pride in her heart.

In another corner of the earth, far away from Heartland, lived a big, bad, black ogre.

He had long been the terror of his own land, for I cannot begin to tell you of all the wicked deeds he had done.

But one day he felt a sudden contempt for his native country, and decided that he would journey abroad.

“I will travel and conquer the whole world, for wherever I go men flee from before me,” he said to himself.

And he spoke the truth.

So he journeyed far and wide, spreading death and desolation in his path.

One day he came to the borders of Heartland.

He knew nothing of the strange law that governed this country, so he went on, full of confidence in himself, and happily crossed the boundary line.

But alas! as he was very big, and also cared for no one in all the world but himself, darkness immediately reigned for miles around.

So black was this sudden shadow that even the ogre could not see where he went.

But he kept on in his blind gropings, often knocking against houses and hurting himself, as well as other people.

Sometimes, indeed, when the houses were small, he would upset them entirely.

Little he cared for the hurts of others, however, as day after day went on, and by reason of the continued darkness, he met with many unpleasant accidents, he began to grow angry.

Then the howls of rage that he set up shook the very hills that were miles away.

Of course the poor people of Heartland were full of fear at the presence of this terrible creature, but there was no way to capture him, on account of the darkness that surrounded him. Thus, you see, his very wickedness protected him.

But one day the ruler of Heartland felt a new and bright idea tingling through his brain.

“We will send for Stella,” he said to himself.

So a carriage was sent to Stella’s house and she was asked to visit the ruler in his palace.

As soon as she came into his presence he said to her,

“I want to send a band of strong men to capture the wicked ogre. I might also send torch bearers, but you know very well that their flames are mere flickers when compared with the flames from your golden locks. If you will walk near the head of the column, with your bright hair hanging like a robe about you, all will be as light as day and they will have no trouble in finding the ogre, and having found him they will soon destroy him, for I will send brave and strong men.”

When the ruler paused, Stella was silent and stood before him with downcast eyes.

Seeing her hesitation he hastened to say; "You need have no fear, no harm will come to you."

Then Stella looked up and a brave look passed over her face.

"It is not that," she said, "I know I shall be safe; but it is enough, I will go with your men."

Then everything was carefully prepared and Stella, at the head of the column, with her glorious hair falling about her like a garment of sunshine, walked serenely forward, while in the distance they heard the howls of the ogre.

Nearer and nearer they came to him, while he, seeing the approach of the wonderful light, thought the day was breaking at last,

and he stood still, waiting for its coming, that he might once more walk in peace and safety.

But the light grew brighter so rapidly that, when Stella and the men came nearer, his long shrouded eyes were blinded by the sudden blaze of glory.

He heard, however, the tramp of many feet, and so, suspecting that an army had come to capture him or kill him, he was filled with a mad rage.

He knew that he must protect himself, but as he could see but dimly, he threw out his mighty arms toward the spot whence the light seemed to radiate.

Instantly a dozen men sprang forward with their axes.

But they were not quick enough, for his huge hand had caught Stella's golden hair, and

with one powerful wrench, as if his hand had been a mighty pair of sharp scissors, the flowing locks were severed.

Like a flash the men sprang at the wretched ogre, and in a few moments he was beyond harming anyone ever again.

Then these brave men began to look around for Stella.

They found her sitting unharmed beneath a tree, her beautiful face radiant with smiles.

“It is gone,” she said, putting her hand to her head, where the short hair was like a halo, “and I am glad, I loved it too well. I was very near refusing to come with you, because I feared my golden locks would be rumped or soiled, but it is gone and my country is saved from the wicked ogre.”

Then she arose, and lo! those who stood near her saw that her slight form cast not even the faintest shadow.

But she, thinking only of her country and its glad deliverance, knew not that she had reached the height of honor in Heartland, but walked away, unattended, to her humble home.

The men buried the ogre at once, and each one of them took a lock of the golden hair that lay strewn over the ground, and bore it ever about him as a talisman.

But the maiden never either asked or heard what became of it.

It is said that this ogre was the last of his race, and so we may thank Stella of the "golden locks" that we need no longer fear these strange and terrible beings.



He tried to get it off, but he couldn't move it

THE SILENCER



JOHNNIE READ was lonesome. His mother had gone to market, saying to him as she left the house,

“Now, be a good boy, Johnnie, and stay with Bridget.”

But how could he stay with her when she said, "Please go away, you talk so much that you stop my work."

"It's not right for you to always say that, Bridget," corrected Johnnie, in his most dignified manner, "in the first place I couldn't do it, and in the second place there are your two arms kneading bread as hard as ever they can."

"Well, go away and talk to someone else," said Bridget impatiently.

"That's just what I'll do," said Johnnie to himself, as he went sulkily out of doors, "I'll go off and hunt up some one to talk to."

He stood a moment on the sidewalk looking up and down the street. "I'll go to the park," he said at last, "there are always lots of men sitting on the benches, and they look really lonesome sometimes. I expect most any of them

will be glad to have me talk to them.”

After this very wise decision he set out for the park. It was quite near, but as he was very anxious to find someone to talk to, he ran along as fast as he could. In less than three minutes, he had turned the corner, crossed the street and was walking under the beautiful trees of the park, looking around for the men who were usually lolling on the benches. But it was quite early in the morning and not a person was to be seen.

So Johnnie walked on and on. It was very cool and pleasant there and the birds sang so delightfully, that he almost forgot why he had run away. By and by he came to a beautiful grotto built around a drinking fountain. Then all at once he was very thirsty, but the fountain was beyond his reach.

“I’ll rest on this rustic seat opposite,” he thought, “and wait until someone bigger than I am comes along. Then I’ll ask him to help me get a drink.”

The rustic chair was very comfortable, and Johnnie had walked a long distance, but suddenly he forgot all about his thirst, for right in front of him he saw a little red door in the grotto, and on it was a sign in big black letters, which said,

“TALKING BY THE YARD. ORDERS FILLED ON SHORT NOTICE.”

“Oho!” said Johnnie, jumping quickly out of the chair. “That’s the place for me, and, of course, they’ll pay anyone to do talking for them. How jolly! my, but I’m glad I happened around here!”

He ran across the graveled driveway and

knocked boldly on the little red door. In a minute it flew open, and there stood a short, fat old man with a funny face.

“Well,” he said quickly, “how many yards do you want to buy, and what must they be about?”

“I don’t want to buy,” said Johnnie, quickly, “but I like to talk, and I thought if you had many orders I could help you fill them.”

“So!” said the old man, looking a little funnier than before, “come in.”

Johnnie went into a dark little room, and the man said,

“Well, now what can you talk about?”

“Oh, most anything,” said Johnnie, proudly. Then he suddenly remembered that men always fixed prices before they began to



He knocked boldly on the little door

work, so he said in a very grave and business-like manner,

“What do you pay a yard for talk?”

At this the little fat man burst into a merry fit of laughter, and Johnnie stood staring at him wondering what there was so funny in that simple question. At last the old man stopped his laughing.

“Well, my little fellow,” he said, trying hard to maintain a serious look, though his face was still puckered in many wrinkles of fun, “we pay one cent for a hundred yards.”

“Oh,” said Johnnie, looking thoughtful, “that isn’t much.”

“Of course not,” was the answer, “haven’t you ever heard that talk is cheap?”

Johnnie admitted quite humbly that he had heard something of that kind.

“Well, do you suppose you can get rich at that price, one cent a hundred yards?”

“I don’t know, but I’ll try,” was Johnnie’s brave reply. “I like to talk better than anything else, and I can do a lot of it in a minute.”

“All right,” said the man, “but wait until I fix the lingnicator,” and he placed a queer looking machine very close to Johnnie’s face.

“What’s that?” said the little boy, in a scared voice, although he couldn’t have told which frightened him most, the long formidable name of the machine, or the machine itself, for it was a queer-looking thing. It had a big, black funnel on top of it, and the man by turning some screws, lowered this funnel, until it was just on a level with Johnnie’s mouth.

“Now,” he said, “the sound waves from your voice will run down this funnel and set in

motion a little wheel, which sets in motion a larger wheel. Around the large wheel is a yard of tape, when it is unwound the wheel takes it up and winds it on again. Each time the tape is wound and unwound the hands in front of the machine register two. When it counts up to a hundred, that means you have talked a hundred yards, and then a little bell will ring, so now, talk away!"

Johnnie talked as fast as his little red tongue could fly, and pretty soon he heard the faint ting-a-ling of the bell.

"Good," he said to himself, "and of course the faster I talk, the faster the sound waves will come, and the faster the two wheels will turn, winding and unwinding the yard of tape, and the sooner the little bell will go ting-a-ling."

So he set his tongue flying, and was just

thinking that the bell ought to ring again pretty soon, when suddenly he felt something soft pressed firmly against his jaws, and he couldn't utter a word. He put his hands to his face and found a vise-like thing holding his jaws together. He tried to get it off, but he couldn't move it. He turned around and there stood the little man laughing at him.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

Johnnie shook his head and motioned to him to take it off.

“Do you see that sign up there?” asked the man, pointing to the wall.

Johnnie looked and read in big black letters these words,

“SILENCERS FOR SALE, WARRANTED TO STICK.”

“You see,” said the keeper of the “talk

shop,” “I sell those things to put on people who talk without saying anything. Now, you have talked nearly two hundred yards and you haven’t said anything. When I buy talk, I buy the kind that has something in besides noise and a lot of words.”

Johnnie looked as if he were going to cry and he put his hands on the silencer and tried to get it off.

“Oh, you needn’t try that sort of thing,” said the little man, “don’t you see what the sign says, ‘Warranted to stick?’ It fastens in a secret way, and no one can possibly get it unfastened, unless he knows the trick.”

Two big tears stood in Johnnie’s eyes, and he motioned as fast as he could to have the silencer taken off, but the man frowned harder than ever.

“You say you like to talk, what for? Just to hear the sound of your own voice? The silencer is to quiet that kind of people. I invented it myself when I had a relative living with me who talked from morning until night about nothing. So I used to clap this on his jaws when I couldn’t stand it any longer and then we’d have peace for a while. Oh, I tell you, the ‘silencers’ are great things. I sell more of them than I do of the talk, because I find that there are ten people who can gabble, gabble all day long where there is one who can keep silent.”

As the little man paused Johnnie again made wild motions to have the silencer removed.

“Well,” the man said, “before I unfasten the thing you must make two promises.”

Johnnie was by this time ready to promise anything, so he nodded with all his might.

“First, you must never, on any account, talk, unless you have something to say, do you promise that?”

Johnnie nodded as hard as before.

“Secondly, you must keep silent four times as much as you talk.”

Johnnie looked bewildered.

“That is, if you talk fifteen minutes you must keep silent an hour. If you talk five minutes, you must be silent twenty, understand?”

Johnnie nodded slowly.

“Now, if you are ready to promise that, I’ll take the silencer off.”

Johnnie didn’t nod; the latter promise seemed a pretty hard one to make. He thought

of all the long silent minutes, and it did not please him; he did so like to talk.

“Oh, well,” said the little man, turning away, “I see you don’t want—”

Johnnie began to be scared; he thought the old man was going away, and would leave him with that horrible thing gripping at his jaws. He tried to cry out, to say that he would promise anything that was required, if the man would only let him go.

“Hello there! is that you, Johnnie Read? What are you doing here at this time of day?”

Johnnie gave a great jump, and there right beside him on the graveled way, was a horse and buggy, and in the buggy was Mr. Jones, who lived next door to Johnnie.

“Been taking a nap in the shade?” asked Mr. Jones kindly, “Well jump into the

buggy, I'll give you a little ride and then take you home."

"I think I'd like a drink first, if you please, Mr. Jones."

"All right, I'll have one too, and so will the pony," said Mr. Jones, climbing out of the buggy.

While Johnnie was drinking he looked over the rim of the cup at the grotto, but though he searched the stones carefully, there was no trace of the little red door.

"'Twas just a dream," he said to himself bravely, "I'm not afraid of his old silencer."

But all the same, it set him to thinking. He wondered if the little old man wasn't right, and, after that day, people said, "What a nice, quiet boy Johnnie Read is! he doesn't say much, but when he does talk he always talks sensibly."



THE GNOME KING



THE king of the gnomes was dead, and great indeed was the sorrow throughout Gnomeland, for there was no one to take his place.

Gnomeland was a deep, mossy dell, where

a stream of clear, cold water trickled all day long.

It was a law among the gnomes that when a king died another could not be crowned until the clover was in blossom, for every gnome who longed for the crown, was forced to go skipping over the nearest field of clover, touching every blossom with his feet. As soon as one of the gnomes succeeded in doing this without making a single one of the blossoms bend down, that gnome was immediately carried away by the judges who were with him, and proclaimed king.

But although the latest king had died in early spring-time and the clover was now in full bloom, a new king had not yet been crowned.

The gnomes everywhere were complaining

because they had no king, and the prime minister was growing very tired of bearing all the burden of the government, without either receiving the salary or the honor belonging thereto. Meanwhile, time was speeding away, the clover daily grew riper, and soon the time for the trials would be over, for those dreadful creatures called man would come with their noise and destruction, and cut down the fragrant red blossoms.

So, the prime minister grew daily more and more anxious, for he was very unwilling to go on governing Gnomeland for another whole year.

By and by the bumble-bee came flying to the gates of Gnomeland with this message;

“In two days the clover is to be cut. If you do not choose your king before then, you will

never have him for the Brownies have heard of your trouble and they are coming to take possession of this mossy dell and to drive you deep into the center of the earth, where you belong.”

There was one gnome more swift and agile than the others, and he wanted very much to be king. But, even he, in going over the clover several times, had failed to win the crown.

It was true, at his third attempt, only one clover blossom had bent beneath his weight, but even that slight movement destroyed his chance of being king.

This gnome had a loving little sister who was greatly grieved at her brother's failure, and when she heard the bumble-bee's message she set her wits at work to help her brother.

As soon as the sun was down—for gnomes cannot leave home until then—she set out to



He wanted very much to be king

visit her great-great-grandfather, who lived in an old acorn cup by herself, and who was very, very wise.

The little sister told the sad story of her brother's failure and disappointment, and begged that something might be done to help him step lightly enough on the clover blossoms.

“If you will let me live in the palace when your brother is made king and give me two drops of honey every day for my dinner I will help you,” said the great-great-grandmother gnome.

Of course the promise was quickly given, and then, this wonderful secret was whispered to the little sister.

“If you can catch the first tear shed by a mortal babe, bring it quickly and rub it on your brother's feet. He then need have no fear

of shaking the clover blossoms, they will not feel his weight.”

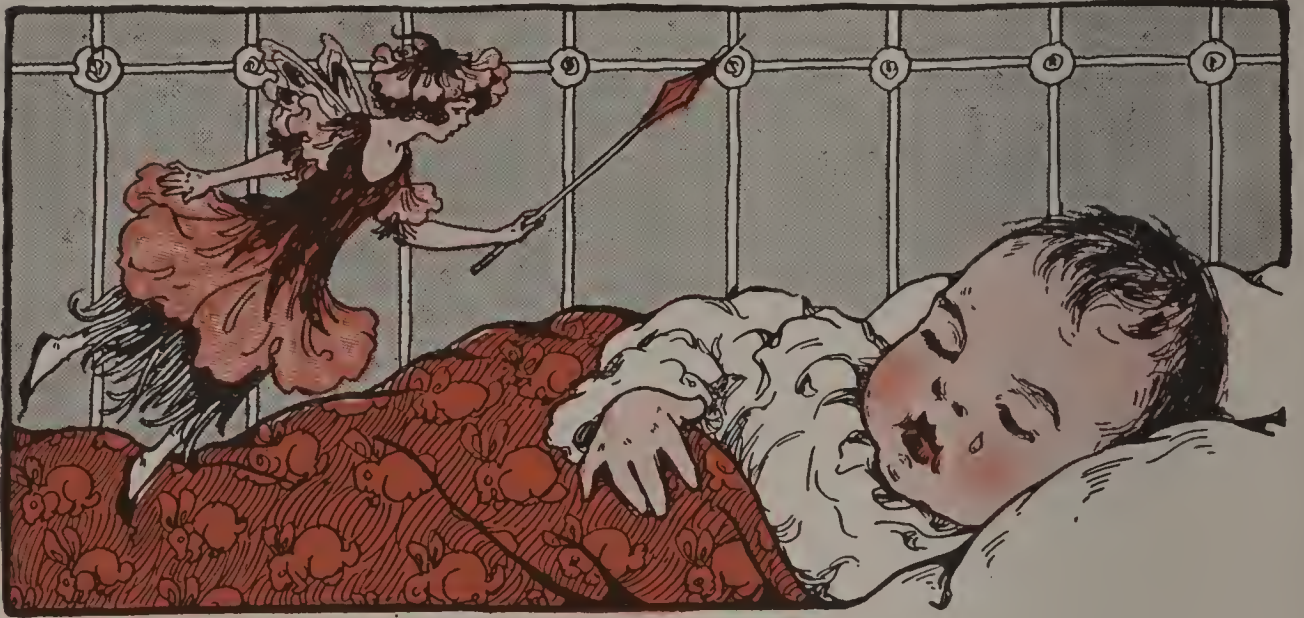
Away sped the little sister gnome to the home of mortals, listening at every door for the sound of a baby's cry, but wherever she went, for many long hours, the babies were peacefully sleeping.

Her heart was heavy, and she was beginning to despair, but as she was about to turn away from a door at which she had long been listening she heard that eagerly-wished-for sound, a faint and plaintive wail.

In a moment she had sailed through the key-hole and was hovering over the baby's head.

Then she heard the baby's father say impatiently;

“That child is cross.” “No, no,” said the mother gently, “he feels bad somewhere, poor



The little sister gnome caught it up so quickly

little darling; see, here is a tear, the first one he has ever shed.”

She took her handkerchief to wipe the tear away, but the little sister gnome caught it up so quickly on the end of the invisible spear she had brought with her that the mother thought her own hand had wiped it off.

The next night a new king was crowned in Gnomeland, and the great-great-grandmother gnome had all the honey she could eat until she died, and was buried in her acorn cup deep, deep in the center of the earth.

THE ACCIDENTAL CANDY



ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful little princess who loved to cook. Mother Queen and Father King thought she was very foolish to go pottering around at work of that kind.

“Princesses don’t need to cook,” said the Queen.

“But there might be a revolution some day,” replied the Princess, “and then I should no longer be a Princess, so it would be very nice to know how to cook. I might earn a living that way for you and Father King.”

Then the King who had laid off his crown, and was dozing in his easy chair, woke up suddenly.

“What nonsense you are talking!” he said half angrily, “there can never be a revolution here, my people are too loyal; besides, if there should such a thing happen, I have plenty of diamonds laid away,” and he winked his left eye slyly at the Queen, which was quite undignified, especially in a King.

However, in spite of all their talk, the little Princess kept on going to the kitchen. She bothered the servants a good deal, of course, but they were afraid to be cross to her, for who would dare to scold a Princess, but they did scold about her a great deal to the royal head cook, who was a man.

So, one day, when the Princess had spent the whole forenoon in the kitchen, and turned out the electric lights twice when they wanted them burning, and filled every pan and basin

and dish with her messes, the royal head cook went to the King, and said that, unless the Princess was kept out of the kitchen he should leave "without warning."

So the law was laid down and the poor little Princess had to submit. She cried one whole day about it, and then she suddenly had an idea that gave her much comfort.

"I will go into the palace library," she said to herself, "and I will hunt up all the old cook-books and learn all the nice recipes, then if there should come a revolution, I can try them. Father's diamonds may be stolen, but no one can steal away what I put into my head."

So this sensible little Princess now hung around the library just as she had hung around the kitchen, and the whole court was happy over the change, for no one wanted to lose the

royal head cook.

One day, as the Princess was studying a velvet-bound cook-book, she came upon a candy recipe which caught her fancy at once.

“I can almost taste that,” she said as she smacked her lips. Then she could think of nothing else but her desire to make it. She dropped the book on the floor, and said to herself, over and over, “Oh, if I only could make that!”

All sorts of schemes went through her head. She thought of selling all her toys, her dogs, her ponies and her clothes and taking the money to buy a little kitchen all of her own. But who would buy her things? The people who would be glad to own them, hadn't the money, and the people who had the money wouldn't want her old things, nor the pets

and animals that were spoiled by her indulgence.

She couldn't go out and rent someone's kitchen, for she was never allowed to go outdoors without the royal head-nurse; and the royal head-nurse always took her two assistants; and each of the two assistants took her two second assistants, and each of the two second assistants took her two pages, and each of the two pages took two lackeys and each of the two lackeys took two "buttons," and each of the two "buttons" took two runners. So how could she wander around through the town with all this train stopping at all the houses to ask, "Have you a kitchen for rent?" But, at last, as a reward for all her thinking, a daring plan came into her mind.

Early the next morning, long before a soul

in the palace was awake, the Princess slipped out of her elegant bed, and, feeling around in the dark, found some of her clothes and got into them as best she could. As she had never dressed herself before in her life, she didn't make a very neat job of it, but that didn't trouble her at all. Then, still in the dark, she hurried down to the kitchen—she knew the way so well.

When she was safely in the dear, delightful room, she turned on the electric lights. She knew more about them than she did about dressing herself. The first thing that caught her eye was a sauce-pan standing on the range, and into this she quickly put the stuff for her candy. When it was all cooked she turned it out on a buttered plate, and then put it in the refrigerator to cool. In a few minutes she took it out and broke off a little piece to eat.



The princess in the library

But, lo! it tasted of chocolate. Now the Princess liked chocolate very much, but she knew she hadn't put any into that candy. She caught up the empty saucepan and looked at it sharply, then she understood. The chocolate for the royal supper the night before had been cooked in that saucepan, and the lazy dishwasher had neglected it and left it standing on the range with the dregs of the chocolate in it.

“Why, it's chocolate candy!” she said to herself, “and none of the books tell about that. I've made a—what is it? Oh I know—a discovery. How fine that is, a discovery by a Princess! But I'll put it back in the refrigerator to get a litte harder, then I'll carry it upstairs.”

Just as she closed the door of the refrigerator, she heard a footfall on the back stairs. She knew that step, it was the royal head-cook!

Like a flash she went out of the kitchen, but in spite of her quickness, as the royal head-cook came in at the other door he caught a glimpse of her flying white skirts.

“Umph!” he said, “disobeyed the royal command! what kind of a mess has she been making now, I wonder.”

Then he sniffed and sniffed the fragrant air of the room, took up the saucepan and sniffed at that, and finally he opened the door of the refrigerator, then he stopped sniffing and began eating.

“Ah!” he thought, “if I could make such candy as that, I shouldn’t need to work any more, even for a king. I wonder if she’ll tell me how she made it. But,—ah! I know a better way. I’ll take it to my friend the chemist, and he will tell me exactly what is in it. Then, when I put it on the market, the Princess will

never dare tell all she knows about it," and he chuckled softly.

It was not long before everyone was buying and praising the new chocolate candy, and the royal head-cook was no longer a cook, but was rich and famous. He was so false and deceitful that he even allowed the king to knight him for the discovery of chocolate candy.

The poor little princess knew it was her discovery, but she hadn't been taught as you have that half the sting is taken from wrongdoing when we "own up." So she kept still and let the bad cook have all the glory. That was the price she paid for her disobedience.

So just how chocolate candy was discovered has never been revealed until now, and you must remember it is a great secret.

How did I find out about it?

Oh! that's another and still greater secret, and one that I cannot reveal even to you.



A deer looked from the thicket



A beautiful bird on a low limb

ALONE IN THE FOREST



THE way through the woods was long and lonely, besides the young man, who was all alone in the world, was very hungry.

“I have a gun on my shoulder, and some matches in my pocket,” was his thought, “and if I see a creature that is good to eat, I will surely shoot it and have a good meal.”

Presently, as if in answer to this decision, a large and beautiful bird lit on a low limb a few yards ahead of him. He brought his gun off his shoulder and took aim at the bird, but it sat quite still and seemed to have no thought of danger.

“You are too beautiful to shoot,” said the young man aloud. Then he lifted the gun to his shoulder again and stood staring at the bird until, after a few minutes, it flew away.

“I shall surely pass out of the woods before long, and then I may come to a farmhouse where I can buy a good meal,” said the young man to himself, consolingly.

He went on a little while, but the woods seemed to grow deeper and thicker, while his hunger every moment grew sharper. Presently a large hare sat up directly in front of him and seemed to ask what he was doing there in the woods.

“Ah!” thought the young man, smacking his lips, “how good you would taste roasted,” and he brought his gun from his shoulder again. As he was about to take aim he saw the rabbit’s mate draw near and she was followed by some little ones.

“If I shoot you,” he said aloud, “then all these others will be lonely.” For the second time he returned his gun to his shoulder and continued his solitary walk, wondering more and more, how much longer he could endure his hunger.

He tried to whistle and then to sing hoping thereby to forget his misery, but it was no use, his dry throat and lips could make no sound. After he had walked on thus silently for a long time, he suddenly saw a pair of large dark eyes gazing at him from a thicket. He stood still for the eyes seemed human, then he noticed the antlers above the eyes and his heart lightened.

“It’s a fine fat deer,” he thought and he took down his gun. But as he took aim at the animal’s forehead, he noticed how sad were the eyes.

“I wonder if you are as sad as I?” was his half spoken thought. “Perhaps you have never been happy, then I must let you live until you have tasted all the joys which a deer’s life can give.”

So, for the third time, he put up his gun.

It then occurred to him that the day must be drawing near its end.

“I am so tired that I can no longer hurry, and I fear night will overtake me in these deep woods unless I do hurry, so perhaps my best move will be to lie down and rest; when I awake I can go on swiftly, for I am indeed afraid to spend the night in this wild place.”

So as he came at that moment to a smooth, grassy place he lay down with his head pillowed on his arm, and was soon sound asleep.

He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly felt wide awake, for there, directly in front of him, was the beautiful bird that he had seen on the limb.

“You spared my life,” piped the bird, “now make a wish.”

“I wish,” he returned, with the thought of

the black forest in his mind, "for a brave and fearless heart."

"It is yours," sang the bird, and spreading its wings it left him.

In another moment the young man saw the hare looking at him.

"You spared my life this afternoon," said the hare, "what do you wish for most?"

Then the young man, thinking of his lonely life, replied quickly, "I wish for the love of every one whom I love."

"You have it," said the hare and he hopped away to the bushes.

The young man had no time to think about the wonderful granting of these two wishes, for at that moment the big, brown deer was bending over him.

"You spared my life," it cried softly, "now whatever you wish shall be granted."

Then the young man, noticing the deer's sad eyes answered at once,

“I wish for a merry heart for you and me.”

The deer looked at him and the young man was sure that he saw a joyful light in its eyes ere it turned and ran away.

Then the young man sat up and saw to his great surprise a bush quite near, full of ripe fruit, and just behind him he caught the tinkle of a spring.

He ate and drank his fill, and then went joyfully on his way, saying to himself, “I care not whether or not I come out of the woods, since I am never to fear any more, am always to be merry, and when I do meet some people I love they are sure to love me.”

So he sang as he trudged along. However, he did come out of the woods very soon, and for the rest of his life he was never afraid, or lonely, or sad.



How I wish you would buy more dishes

LITTLE SHINER



FAR away in the beautiful land of Autobee there lives a dear little girl who loves to wash dishes. Indeed she often says to her mother,

“Oh, how I wish you would buy more dishes, so that I could have lots and lots of them to wash.”

“Tell you her name, and her street and number?”

No indeed, for, if I should, I know exactly what would happen, everyone would take a trip to Autobee, and some lucky person would pick up this dear child and carry her off and then what would become of her mother's dishes? I am afraid they would go unwashed a good many times. So instead of telling you her name I will tell you the pretty nickname given to her by her big brother, and of which she is very proud. It is “Little Shiner,” because, said he, “she makes the dishes shine so.”

One morning when she was at work as usual she was astonished to hear a soft voice saying,

“Take care! take care!”

She looked all around, no one was in the kitchen but herself, and the doors and windows were all closed.

“How queer!” she said to herself.

Then in a minute or so, she heard the soft voice again saying,

“Take care! take care!”

“Why, it seems to come from the dishpan,” she said. She looked down at the beautiful china pitcher which she was washing.

“This pitcher has a bad crack in its side,” she said half-aloud.

Then straightway she heard the soft voice again,

“Take care! take care!”

“O it’s you is it, telling me to take care?” she said to the pitcher. “Every time I wash the dishes mother says to be careful of the pink china pitcher, so you needn’t be afraid that I’m going to break you.”

“Of course not,” retorted the pitcher scornfully. “If you were to knock me onto the floor this very minute and break me into a thousand pieces you’d say I broke myself. That’s the way with you humans, you never want to be blamed for the bad things you do, yet you want praise for all your good deeds. That sort of shirking is all right for kings and queens, but it will not do for everyday common people like you.”

“Umph,” said Little Shiner, “what do you mean by talking about kings and queens? I

don't believe you ever saw either one in your life."

"Did not? Well now, let me tell you, I was a king myself once."

"Oh dear me," said Little Shiner, "how very funny!" and she began to laugh heartily. "I don't believe you know what you are talking about."

"Indeed I do," said the pitcher firmly, "for I tell you I was the king of the sideboard, until I got this ugly crack in my side."

Little Shiner took the pitcher very carefully in her hand as she asked,

"Wouldn't they let you be king any longer just because you got hurt? That isn't fair."

"No, but your mother said I was only a poor old cracked thing now, and I might as well be

used as long as I lasted, so I haven't been near the sideboard for weeks and weeks. I am stuck off in the pantry or the refrigerator, and even when I get into the dining room, the coffee-urn, or some such high-headed thing is put right between me and the sideboard."

"Well," said Little Shiner sympathetically, "I am very sorry indeed for you, and maybe I can get you put back on the sideboard. Do you think they would let you be king again, if I should?"

"Of course, they couldn't help themselves, but your mother will never let me be put back on the sideboard as long as I have this crack, and it cannot be mended."

"How do you know she won't? I think she will if I ask her. I guess you don't know more about my mother than I do."

“No, no,” said the little pitcher with a side-splitting sigh, “I seem to feel the crack in my side widening now, and as soon as I am unable to hold cream I know I shall come to the rubbish heap.”

Little Shiner took the pitcher up, washed and dried it carefully, then carried it to the dining room and stood it on the sideboard. She looked at it a moment, and it seemed to her that the flowers on its side were nodding at her.

When she had finished her dishes she went to her mother.

“Mother,” she said, “please do not use the pink china pitcher any more, it is cracked so badly that every time I wash it, I am afraid it will come to pieces.”

“What is it good for, little daughter, if we cannot use it?”

“It is so beautiful, and isn’t it nice to have some things around that are just pretty to look at, even though they are not useful?”

“Perhaps,” said the mother with a smile.

So now the pink china pitcher stays on the sideboard, but, would you believe it, it has never spoken to little Shiner since that day.

I call that ingratitude, don’t you?



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Author of *The Party Twins*, *Treasure Twins*,
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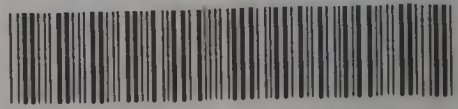


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